At that, would make me glad?
King. Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?
I am glad on't with all my heart,
Ile tame you; Ile bring you in subiection. *Aside.*
Will you not, hauing my consent,
Bestow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a Stranger? who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary) *Aside.*
As great in blood as I my selfe:
Therefore, heare you Mistris, either frame
Your will to mine: and you sir, heare you;
Either be rul'd by mee, or Ile make you,
Man and wife: nay come, your hands,
And lippes must seale it too: and being ioynd,
Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe:
God giue you ioy; what are you both pleased?
Tha. Yes, if you loue me sir?
Peri. Euen as my life, my blood that fosters it.
King. What are you both agreed?
Ambo. Yes, if't please your Maiestie.
King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now sleepe y'slacked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made louder by the orefed breast,
Of this most pompous maryage Feast:
The Catte with eyne of burning cole,
Now coutches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blyther for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Whereby the losse of maydenhead,
A Babe is moulded: be attent,

And Time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, I'le plaine with speach.

Enter Pericles *and* Symonides *at one dore with attendant*
a Messenger meetes them, kneeles and giues Pericles *a lett*
Pericles *shewes it* Symonides, *the Lords kneele to hi*
then enter Thaysa *with child, with* Lichorida *a nur*
the King shewes her the letter, she reioyces: she and Pericl
take leaue of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painefull pearch
Of *Pericles* the carefull search,
By the fower opposing Crignes,
Which the world togeather ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and sayle and hie expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*:
Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are Letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Helycanus* would set on
The Crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutanie, hee there hastes t'oppresse,
Sayes to'em, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twise sixe Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the summe of this,
Brought hither to *Pentapolis*,
Iranyshed the regions round,
And euery one with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of such a thing?
Briefe he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with child, makes her desire,